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**THE PEOPLE OR PLATT?**  
There is no influence in the world stronger than the unanimous outcry of the people. Before it monarchs have gone down, rotten governments have disintegrated, the staunchest corporations have weakened. Even the force of arms is not as potent as the force of a popular sentiment, poured from the throat of the people with the stentorian accent of indignation, outraged feeling.

Up to a certain point the American people will stand more than any nation on earth, but once that limit is passed there is none more overpoweringly insistent on its rights.  
The mass-meeting to-night in Cooper Union promises to be one of those critical climaxes in American feeling when the people rise and demand their own. Does it not seem conspicuously wrong that a puny, officious, meddling politician from an interior town, under color of party fealty which the best element of his party withhold from him, should arrogantly thrust himself into the midst of people, thing which they are convinced is for their supreme benefit, and which they tumultuously demand. Can one insignificant PLATT do such measureless evil? It is not sufficient that he has set in motion an avalanche of overwhelming disgust which will one day hurl down upon and utterly obliterate him. He should be balked in his predatory malice now.

**UNREPORTED EXECUTIONS.**  
It has been proposed that no newspaper report of executions shall be permitted. There are strong reasons for the press report of executions in general and of the new electrical executions in particular.

The execution of a criminal is a debt paid to the public, and the public has a right to know how it has been paid. Again, the infliction of this dread penalty of death should lack any accidental horrors which the bungling of officials has so frequently brought to it. Nothing is more likely to prevent these hideous slips on their part than the knowledge that their action will be fully known to the world at large.  
In the matter of electrical executions, which is now substituted as a more decent, swift and painless mode of inflicting death, the public has a perfect right to know how far these claims are substantiated by the actual facts.

Moreover, the liberty of the press seems curtailed in an un-American and offensive manner by refusing reporters admission to the executions.  
**HALT!**  
Even the warmest friends of temperance may feel forced to deprecate the measures adopted by the zealous women of Missouri for the abolition of liquor-selling. One of their last moves was to raid a club, run out the liquor and demolish the building.

The principle swaying these good zealots is that the drinking of hard liquor is an unpardonable sin, and that anything that prevents or obstructs it is, by the very fact, right. Pursuing their course with logical ruthlessness, why should they not invade the citizen's home and destroy his wine-cellar? Why should they not rush upon the minister administering communion and dash the wine-cups from the hands of the communicants?

They are to be arrested and tried for treason and riotous conduct. Their friends say that they will resist the arrest of these women, and there is fear that there may be bloodshed.

This is a point where all may cry "Halt!" Let them stand their trial and abide by the result. This is law and reason.  
**MONEY VS. MEN.**  
The contest at Albany over the Weekly Payment bill is one of money against men.

The only opposition to this measure of justice comes from a few great corporations whose dividends might be shaved a hair's breadth by paying workmen their money when it is earned instead of a month after it is earned.

These corporations have tools on the floor and agents in the lobby with money in their pockets. The workmen have only the justice of their plea and an overwhelming public sentiment in their favor.

Shall men or money prevail? The politicians should bear in mind that they have a million votes in this State, and that money can buy very few of them after a ballot-reform law is passed.  
At a swapper wedding at a Catholic Church in St. Louis the priest felt obliged to call the bride to order. The disorder was only that which might be expected from a gathering of the great world on such an exhilarating occasion. They behaved only a little worse than they would have done at a matinee. They chattered and laughed and munched bonbons, and climbed up on the back of the seats to see the passing show. Well, wasn't it rather "bad form?"

that war has been waged above the form of the lobster when he was green and alive instead of when he was dead. The dogs of war are let loose for the benefit of bold deprederators on the lobster pots of the Jersey coast. Hoop-la!

There is a cheery report that ice will be plentiful next Summer. If we are going to have Summer twelve months in the year the ice crop will have to be enlarged, naturally. The ice-cream girl and the cocktail man will both sigh relievedly over the report that there will be lots of ice next Summer.

One would suppose that repeated false predictions of the end of the world would have prevented even the silliest people from taking stock in such cheap prophecies. But it hasn't. This only shows how silly they are.

They are going to raise a monument to Commodore Vanderbilt in Nashville, Tenn. If they raise one to him anywhere, it should be there.

**SPOTLETS.**  
Mrs. Stetson has lost a \$50 pocket-piece. It was the first coin in a million made—not by the Mint but by an enterprising business man, and she priced it as a mascot.

A lady's false teeth fell down her throat and choked her. The tooth was doubly false.

A gentleman in the Far West forgot himself very badly. He didn't know who he was, where he was, why he was there, and whence this business. Happily his wife had a memory.

Robert Louis Stevenson has bought property in Samoa. He will find more profitable to live in the pages of the magazines than in Samoa.

Somebody wanted to get a position for a man as chaplain, and he said he had a good moral character. A chaplain does need that—to start with.

The Duke of Fife did not have to pay very dear for his whistle.

Harry Battenberg has come home. The naughty boy had a lovely time, and now won't he have to go to bed.

The "whip" in Russian politics seems more drastic than the British Parliamentary whip.

**FASHIONS.**  
French cashmires will continue in favor for house and street dresses, and are being imported in all spring tints. Tawn, corator, wood brown and gray are the street shades.

A very handsome umbrella receptacle is an old brass cannon held upright by three massevoets.

Pretty gingham waists for girls of six are of plaids made bias in front and lapels from shoulder to waist line with a tucked muslin plastron set between.

Black grenadine dresses will be very fashionable next Summer.

Real butterflys are now used for the adornment of bonnets and caterpillars of Brazil to deck the hair.

A new and pretty robe de nuit is of fine nainsook, tucked in front and trimmed with braids of insertion and white Madras embroidery, forming a simulated Renaita pocket. The sleeves are finished with cuffs formed of tucks, insertion and embroidery. Bows of pink ribbon are at the neck, sleeves and waist.

A new petticoat bodice is of fine long cloth, scalloped round the edge of the neck and sleeve and button-hole. It may be embroidered with either cotton or a color or colored rayon cotton.

**POLITICAL ECHOES.**  
With to-morrow begins the era of no bossism in the County Democracy, and "Boss" Power be damned.

Col. Michael C. Murphy is to be the Chairman of the County Democracy Executive Committee, and will be elevated at the meeting to be held in Cooper Union to-morrow night.

John J. O'Brien, of the Eighth Assembly District, a defender of Tom Platt in his attempt to defeat the World's Fair. He said to-day: "If I had Platt's power you can bet I wouldn't content with amending that bill by adding a miserable score of names. I'd add 450 and be sure they were all for me. There wouldn't be any half-measures about it."

**WORLDLINGS.**  
Mrs. Reginald De Koven, Senator Farrell's daughter, is one of the prettiest women of Chicago. She is a little above medium height, slender and graceful. She has considerable literary ability.

Mrs. Morton has five daughters, all of them blondes. The oldest, Edith, has promising artistic talent.

Norman T. Gassette, Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Illinois, has the largest private library of Oriental literature in America. He spends a large sum every year for new books.

**STOLEN RHYMES.**  
"Happy Cal" Brice.  
A rainbow-chaser nowadays must be a man of letters. And even be a railroad king may smash up on a rainy day.

But if he holds a heavy purse his game he'll sure win.  
And he'll stride into the Senate just like jolly Calvin Brice.

What care he if O-H-I-O stands up and shakes his hat?  
A man who chases rainbows cannot let a trick be lost.  
But he'll tap his barrel of boodle and not stop to rest.  
For he's similar to the Senate, is this starchy Calvin Brice.

**IN THE MILLS.**  
(Continued from First Page.)  
rest their eyes and refresh their lungs, mounted on the jute walls. They are studies for a J. G. Brown. They wear earthen-gray clothes, and the color is matched in hair, face and hands. The clouds of dust and the dust, lint and dross from the fibre freight the air, making it difficult to see and painful to breathe.

In one minute we are gray with dust and lint and stifled by the impurities of the atmosphere. How these boys live shut up in this room from 7 in the morning until 6 at night, six days in the week inhaling with every breath the foreign substances which pollute the air and must in time produce lung disease, I leave the reader to imagine.

The most diligent and exhaustive study on the part of the medical profession for stained and colored their skin and veiled their hair to tell that any care had been bestowed upon them.

As I passed I looked into each small, weazen face with my heart in my eyes, but the answering smiles were few and faint. Some were gay, some blank, others curious, still others suspicious; but in all faces was to be read an anxiety or an uncertainty, the result of some painful experience not altogether unexpected.

Some of the glances from the child faces were most beseeching, and compensation for the poor little creatures made the tumult of my soul rise above the jar of the machinery, the rattle of the wheels, the swish of the pouring jute and the whistling of the hot steam.

With these plaintive, if mute, appeals I did not hear what the gentleman who appeared to be in authority was saying. He suggested that if I wanted information I refer to the cyclopedia, and then kindly volunteered to write out a lucid description and send it to The World office for publication, which the public would readily understand.

**LIFE IN THE JUTE MILL.**  
But I explained to him that I did not care for the treatment of jute or the process of converting it into carpet. I said distinctly that I wanted to see life in the jute mill, to see and talk with the women and girls, and with their permission and their amiability learn for publication about their home surroundings, their wages, their income and expenses, and the general conditions of their material environment.

"But you must not use such information in connection with our name," he said.  
"Not even Chelsea Jute Mill?"  
"No; I couldn't allow you to do so."  
"But why not? I have no intention to exaggerate or distort the knowledge I gain here. I want the real life of the mill girl, and my endeavor is to give absolute facts bearing on that life and to portray with fidelity and guardedness the existing state of things."

I told him I was wholly dependent on his courtesy for correct information, that the cure of that most insidious of all diseases—consumption—has been futile, but one need not be a specialist to determine the cause. From the report of the Factory Inspector the profession can approximate the health condition, by industries of the homes that these young boys will have established if they live eight or ten years longer.

**IN THE CARBING-ROOM.**  
In the next room the carbiding is done. It is a spacious shop, covering three-quarters of the ground floor, filled with machinery and crowded with operators. The noise is deafening; the dancing bobbins that wheel about tall steel spindles in a brown mist charge the sight, the stuff in the air and on everything is choking; the smell of oil and steam anything but pleasant; and the constant palpitation of the floor produces the sensation of dizziness.

To the right the great carbiding machines are located. The first is not running. At the second iron monster two operators stand and feed it with the great broad switches of jute, raising as much from the floor as they can carry with both hands and throwing it up above their shoulders and on to the elevator from which it drops into the combor.

**THE FIRST VIEW OF THE MILL GIRL.**  
This is the first view of the mill girl and a painful one to contemplate. The stock is heavy, strength is taxed in lifting it and every muscle strained in throwing it up on the receiving board. The elder hand is a woman of thirty-seven or so, the other her junior by twenty years. They wear the workless garments that work of this sort requires, consisting of a calico dress and old shoes. One has her head tied up in a kerchief and the other works away heedless of the shower of dirt and loose fibre that not only mangles her hair, but fills and mists it, hangs on eyelashes, lodges in her ears and nostrils and chokes her.

The above cut, but poorly suggests the actuality of these women. It has nothing to do with flesh and blood; the drab skin, the wrinkled cheeks, the furrowed brows and the expressions of agony are not depicted; there are no lines and no details that will convey to you the idea of wretchedness, the sights that escape them, the involuntary efforts with which nature repels the stifling choking; the stoop-shoulders, the hollow chest, the shrunk form, the sore feet, the callous hands, the tired arms and the lame backs are not really outlined in printers' ink. To the tender-hearted critic the model is most pathetic; to the humanitarian and the student of public weal it is revolting.

Whose fault?  
Not the Chelsea Mill owners', not the manager's, not the foreman's, surely not the operatives', but whose?

These women are out of place. They are not doing women's work. They are degrading American labor, ruining their bodily and mental health, and bring distress and calamity on coming men and women.

The attention with which I am regarding these unhappy women is not agreeable to a gentleman who has just come in, and, having no desire to even appear rude, I move over to the opposite side of the machine, from the mouth of which the clean-combed heppen stuff pours out like a Niagara of jute, the broad stream dividing and emptying into big red cylinders, which in the dim light and the roar and thunder of the mill are like the "gaping mouths of hell that swallow the lives and souls of men."

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As soon as filled these fiery red tins are moved along and run into other machines that clean and card the material, successive operations reducing the bands to ribbons and the ribbons to a cord, in which state, freed from all foreign matter, it is reeled on spools a foot tall.

**TRACES OF STERN PAIN.**  
This process is easy enough, but the young girls who directed it, watching the thick threads cut about the big bobbins, and the small boys who replaced them, when filled with empty spools, were pale, stooped, thin and beguiled. They showed in every feature of their old young faces the daily life of toil and hardship, the feverish element that pervaded everything and which perched their skin, and the deleterious influence of an atmosphere so heavily charged with the smell of oil as to be almost unrespirable and so thickened with flying clouds of jute as to be absolutely suffocating. Their eyes were heavy, indicating that they slept the sleep of exhaustion, their bony little bodies showed no smooth curves of wholesome and abundant nourishment, nor was it possible through the gray that

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It seemed too bad that these little girls, scarcely more than infants in years and more pygmies in strength, should at such a tender age be placed under the yoke to struggle with the burdens of toil and care, share the sorrows before they are able to appreciate the enjoyments of life, and lose at the first decade of life heaven's best gifts—confidence and innocence.

It seemed too bad that their entering at once upon the stern realities and miseries of life, missing not only the schooling and moral training that before a just and mighty heaven the public, if not the parent, owes every child, but robbing it of those sweet and happy days and those lovely dreams and fancies out of which childhood weaves so many beautiful and entrancing thoughts. All this and the greater loss of vital and moral growth these poor, pale, thin little sprites of misfortune miss. They were beginning to show the deformity of labor and continuous imprisonment in the droop of their shoulders, the stoop of their backs and listless carriage of their heads and arms. Dark rings encircled many bright eyes from which suspicion glanced furtively. In some faces that pallid care-worn look so appalling in a young face, had stamped itself.

They were uncombed, generally un-

**THE EVENING WORLD**  
FOR THE MOST  
COMPLETE  
AND  
UP-TO-DATE  
BALLOT  
OF CONNECTICUT.

My choice is—  
In school—  
Signed—  
Address—

Conditions.  
Any reader of THE EVENING WORLD may vote once only.

The ballot must be upon the ballot printed in THE EVENING WORLD.

The note should give the full name of the reader, the school in which he is engaged and his location.

The candidate must be now engaged in teaching in a school in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut. She may be engaged in any school. There is no restriction as to the school.

Following is the vote of each candidate who has received over 100 ballots:

ALANSON, Terrell L., Prim. 10, N.Y. 4,000  
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**FOUR MORE DAYS TO VOTE.**  
Content for the Schoolma'am!  
Watch to Close on Friday.

Miss Jarecki Keeps Her Lead—The Others Piling Up Ballots.

Only four days more remain of THE EVENING WORLD's Schoolma'am Contest, and the race is becoming intensely exciting.

Miss Jarecki in first place, with 42,052 to-day. Mrs. Jarecki coming in second, with 37,004; Miss Caffarella's increased total of 32,057 keeps her in third place. But Miss Lillian is a good fourth with 20,000.

Miss Jarecki still fifth, with 41,841, and Miss Jarecki still sixth, with 17,135.

Any lady teacher in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut can be a candidate in THE EVENING WORLD's contest. The teacher receiving the largest number of votes will be presented with an elegant gold watch, purchased from Miss A. Thall, of 3 Madison Square, New York.

The watch is one of the finest of movements. It is full jeweled, with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The case is of the finest gold, 18 carats fine, and very heavy.

They are made from nugget or antique gold, with twelve pigeon-hole rubies, twelve fine sapphires, and twelve fine diamonds, in the gold of the case.

The price will be \$400.

The watch is now on exhibition in the show windows of the well-known jewelry firm of C. C. Adams & Co., 474 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

In all cases, where possible, indicate the number of the school, as well as city, with which the candidate is connected.

All votes must be on the ballot printed below. Cut out the blank, properly filled out, and send it to THE EVENING WORLD.

**NEWS FROM LABOR'S WORLD.**  
Bakers' Union No. 24 has reduced its admission fee to \$1.

The Brooklyn General Laborers' Union has reduced its admission fee to \$1.

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**THE POWER OF HASHEESH.**  
Effect of the Oriental Narcotic Upon an American.

A Cairo, Egypt, correspondent of the Pittsburgh Leader thus describes his first experience as a hashish eater:

Seeing my companion conveying a piece of this sugar eagerly to his mouth, I was encouraged to do likewise. It was an aromatic, somewhat bitter-tasting morsel, dissolving quickly like sugar upon the tongue, and leaving a pleasant, slightly burning sensation, which, however, passed away after a few minutes from a cigarette.

So suddenly the smoking cigarette fell from my lips. I felt myself impelled to talk—to reveal myself to my neighbor, to tell him that I was no longer a common, gro